*Quee.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We will trie it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile board him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you know me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haues

plenti-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c1625] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.